baby doll eyes

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by ladybundle

Summary

Buck’s eyes are huge in his skull-like face. They always have been. Like baby doll eyes. Framed by lashes that a dame would kill for.

Wish you were my baby doll, Buck, he thinks deliriously.

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Outside the dirty window, the sun is lazily slipping below the horizon. Inside, John moves his gaze back to Buck, meticulously dragging a dull razor across the line of his sharp jaw. His eyes are intent, carefully watching his progress in the tiny mirror. John takes a sip of the clear liquid in the battered can, immediately wincing at the taste. *Like fucking gasoline.*

But it's goddamn worth it. Worth donating all his potato rations. If it gets him plastered. Makes him feel a little warmer. Makes him forget for a few hours. John sighs, his head spinning and cottony, liquid heavy in his empty stomach.

God, he's missed this.

John quickly knocks back the rest of the alcohol, throat burning unpleasantly as he swallows, eyes stinging as he squeezes them closed. When he opens them, Gale's staring at him, lips parted slightly.

"You said you didn't want any," John grunts, brandishing the now empty can.

"I don't," he says softly, looking back at the mirror, razor moving to his cheek.

God, his cheeks. John likes Buck's cheeks so fucking much. Used to be so full of baby fat when he would squeeze them. Cause he's still young. Still so goddamn young. They are hollow now. Skin stretched too tight. Cheekbones sharp like knives.

And he can't touch them. Can't touch his warm, soft skin. Back on the base it was a joke. *Heavy petting*, the RAF pricks had called it. In here - with the Germans - it would be a swift bullet in both their heads.

His empty stomach twists.

John shakes his head slightly, watching Buck's hand move carefully down his skin. Watches his long, sure fingers. Thinks about them curled into a fist. Thinks about him pummeling them into John's face, bringing blood to the surface of his skin like a piece of tenderized steak. *That would be allowed.* The Krauts would let Buck's fists smash John's face in, would let him sock him again and again until—

The chair creaks as Buck pushes back, placing the razor carefully on

the table, unfolding his body, eyes landing again on John. He blinks up at him stupidly, cheeks hotter than they've been in a while. Despite the cold of the hut. Buck's long fingers twitch and he turns towards his bunk, reaching out for his coat.

Buck's always been tall and thin. Back during basic, he had some more muscle on him. Still slimmer than John who's always had lots of meat on his bones. But when they got to England, Buck's clothes had started hanging different. Now he's practically skin and bones, ribs poking out. Waist tiny like a girl's. Having to carefully stab more sloppy holes into his belt in order to keep his pants up.

Buck pulls his coat tight, turning again, eyes flickering to his boots after only barely touching John's face with his gaze.

What? His skin feels numb and tingly, head a little light and spinning, mouth dry like it's been open for a while. *What are you seeing?*

Buck's eyes are huge in his skull-like face. They always have been. Like baby doll eyes. Framed by lashes that a dame would kill for.

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Oh. John straightens suddenly, back protesting. That's what he sees. That's what Buck's seeing on his stupid, too open face. *Lock in, Egan.*

"Dinner, Bucky," Buck says softly, jerking his head towards the door.

He thinks Buck knows. Has probably always known. Not like John *really* tried to hide it from him, behind half hearted jokes and too obvious touches.

But he can't let *them* see it here. Can't let Buck suffer because John can't—

Buck grips John's elbow, helping him to his feet. His hand drops when they walk out the door.

———

It's too cold to sleep alone anymore. They've all acknowledged it without really saying anything, pressing up against each other under the blankets for warmth every night. Trying to keep the bite of frigid cold away. Trying to snatch at least a few hours of meager rest.

John and Buck are no exception.

The lights are out and John is in Buck's bunk, tucking himself against Buck's back in a now familiar nightly routine. The alcohol has mellowed in his veins. But he's still feeling stupid. Stupid and desperate. *And wanting.*

It's pitch black, wind whipping loudly against the abused wooden slats of the hut, filling their small room with noise. He can't hear any of the other men. Can only hear Buck, breathing soft and even in front of him. Can smell him: dirt and sweat and body odor. He swallows. Shifting minutely, John snuffles closer until his breath is puffing up against the tender back of Buck's neck. Slowly, he presses his open mouth to the spot between Buck's dirty jacket and greasy hair, hand sliding up to his side, resting against his dirty jacket. Feeling him, warm and alive under his mouth and hand. *Feels Buck's swift inhale.*

John stills.

But Buck doesn't do a goddamn thing about it. Doesn't move. Doesn't say a word. Just holds his breath, spindly ribs brittle under John's light touch. Then the air in his lungs flutters out sweetly in a little sound.

John closes his eyes tightly.

They could be anywhere. In London. In that sad, anxious hotel. John pressed up against a beautiful blonde. Feeling the reassuring heat of another body. The promise of sex. *More sex.* Something John's always needed almost too much of. Needed the feel of another person, sighing and moaning into his mouth as he made them feel so goddamn good.

A flicker of heat builds sharply and shudders to life in his still hollow belly.

Buck's probably a virgin. John's tried to get him to talk about it in the past. Tried to wheedle the information out of him through gentle ribbing and slightly off color jokes. Only to be met with rolled eyes and gentle smiles. *God, I bet he's a virgin.* Probably waiting to take Marge's virginity on their wedding night. Spreading her soft white thighs, pushing aside her satin panties, putting his thick cock inside her wet pussy while he kisses her like the goddamn gentlemen he is—

Buck shifts and John's hips twitch forward helplessly. They both still. Buck can feel *it*. He's gotta be feeling it. Slowly. So slowly, Buck moves, John's hand shifting on his ribs as he settles so they are facing each other. He can't see him. Can't make out his features in the blackness.

Heart in his throat, cock hard in his pants, John slips his foot up, brushing in between Buck's bony ankles, rubbing up and down softly. Buck shudders, as John's cold hand inches up from Buck's side.

And—

Buck allows it. He allows John to press closer. Allows him to run his hands over his neck, his hair. John can feel his warm breath picking up, puffing against his face.

"Sorry," John mumbles reflexively. Not sure why the word slips out.

"Bucky."

Buck says it so soft. It's barely a word. He can almost taste his name in the air. In the space between them. Smelling Buck's fuzzy, sour breath. But he doesn't care. Doesn't give a single flying fuck. Buck is in his arms. Buck is trembling softly under his touch.

Tentatively, Buck's arm raises, fingers resting lightly on John's side, skinny legs shifting against John's shy, rubbing foot.

Fuck. *Fuck*. He wants him so bad. His cock throbs sadly in his pants. *Jesus Christ.* He noses closer still, brushing his mouth across Buck's hollow cheek, feeling the rough line of his scar against his lips. There's plausible deniability there. In the pitch black. Huddled together for warmth. *But not really.*

God, he wants. That's all he fucking does nowadays.

Wants.

Buck lets out a little shaky sigh, fingers spasming on John's hip. But he doesn't move away. Doesn't move closer either.

They stay like that, clutching at each other under the thin blankets.

Safe for a few hours.

In the morning, Buck will pretend nothing happened under the safety of darkness and desperation. Buck will drag a reluctant John through

another goddamn day in hell, the same frightened and determined look in his pretty baby doll eyes.

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